Just for fun:
When I was translating, I didn't realize that a certain poem was just the German translation of Edgar Allen Poe's Dream-Land, so I did a manual translation.

Poe's original begins like this:

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of SPACE—Out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the tears that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters—lone and dead,—
Their still waters—still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

However, in *The Book Dragon*, it looks very different, like this:

Auf Pfaden, dunkel, voller Grausen,
Wo nur böse Wesen hausen,
Wo ein Dämon, ›Nacht‹ genannt,
Auf schwarzem Thron die Flügel spannt,

Aus letztem dunklen Reiche fand
Ich jüngst erst her in dieses Land –
Aus Zauberreich, so wild und weit,
Fern von Raum und fern von Zeit.

Sang die Stimme etwa von mir? Die Worte passten jedenfalls ausgesprochen gut zu meiner momentanen Situation:

Ewig bodenlose Schlünde,
Klüfte, Schlüfte ohne Gründe,
Unbegrenzte Wassermassen,
Die sich nie in Ufer fassen,

Wälder, die kein Ende nehmen,
Die wie riesenhafte Schemen
Tropfend steh'n in Nebeltau,
Endlos wuchtend, endlos grau!«

Not recognizing it, I put enormous effort into translating it while retaining the rhyme and meter:

On paths so dark, where horrors swell
And only wicked beings dwell,
The demon "Night" upon his throne
Doth spread his wings o'er jet-black stone.

From that dark realm of utter dread,
I lately to this land have fled—
From that magic realm, wild and vast,
Where space is thin and time can't last.

Was that voice singing about me? The words certainly fit my current situation perfectly:

Chasmal abysses without end
Vast rifts that ever downward trend;
Boundless waters relentless pour,
Yet never find their way to shore;

Forests continue perpetually,
Trees upon trees standing spectrally,
Dripping in mist, these giants stay
Endlessly looming, endlessly gray!

I then realized it was meant to be written by Poe and, still not recognizing it (and falsely assuming Moers had written it), I put it in the rhyme and meter of *The Raven:*

Paths with darkest poison swelling, home to wickedness there dwelling
Where the demon "Night" doth spread his wings o'er bloodied, blackened stone.
Between the chasms never ending with their banks steep downward trending,
Outside space and time and sense, where no one dies, but dies alone.
There I've hid and there I've fled, and yet I linger here, alone—
Amid the pale and brittle bone.

And that is the story of how I spent a ridiculously long time on this poem, only to end up copy and pasting in Poe's original and then tweaking it to input Moers's changes.